

FIGGERS AND FIGGERS.

It has been said that figgers will not lie, but the liars will figure. I believe this is true, for I know of men who try to figure that the saloon is a good thing as a revenue producer. Any citizen who desires the facts should write to the officials of Scott county and ascertain the amount in the county treasury now and compare it with the amount in the treasury when the saloons were voted out.

A local option fight is on at Springfield, Mo., and the Anti-Saloon League has published figures showing the average income of the twenty-six saloons in the city to be \$325,000 annually, and that of this city gets back \$26,000—the city license being \$1,000 each. Hence the people of Springfield pay across the bar \$325 to get back \$26 in license. Is that what you would call a "revenue producer?" According to the figures of the League the per capita expense of the saloon is \$9.28—or \$46.25 per family of five—and the amount returned is 74 cents per capita, or \$3.70 per family. And the organ of the League inquires: "By what system of book-keeping do the business men of Springfield deduce the conclusion that the city will go into bankruptcy if local option should prevail?"

From this it would appear that the "business men" of Springfield favored saloons. And it is a fact that a large majority of business men in the cities are in favor of saloons. The business man has but one way of looking at things, and that is through his coin dispenser. He owns the buildings in which the saloons are kept, and can obtain a much higher rent from that business than from any other—except, perhaps, from the bawds. Picture a pious looking man with his well-dressed family taking a front pew in a fashionable church on Sunday, after having collected rent from the saloon keeper and the bawd the night before, and you have an up-to-date business man.

A few years ago I was at Morehouse and, as usual, "nosed" about to learn all I could. I got in conversation with a saloon keeper who was then a subscriber to my paper. He occupied a building that could not have cost more than \$1,000 to build. "What rent do you pay," I asked. "Fifty dollars a month."

"Who owns the building?" When he answered that question I felt a weakness in the knees and thought I would sink. Feeling that I might have misunderstood him, or that he might have made a mistake, I repeated the name. There had been no mistake. It is one of Sikeston's wealthiest and most pious citizens.

And that is one reason why the "business interests" want the saloon. Think of fifty dollars a month for a board shack in a saw mill town! Another reason is that through these saloons the "business interests" run their politics. The saloon men being their tenants, they are in close touch with them.

But the biggest fool in the bunch is the farmer or laborer who throws his earnings across the bar. A gallon of whiskey that costs twelve cents to make, he buys at ten cents a drink, or ten dollars a gallon. A keg of beer that costs eight cents to make, he buys at five cents a glass—or about seven dollars per keg.

Often he gets over-loaded, gets in trouble, sometimes in jail, is fined and then goes home and makes the old woman and children walk around him. It takes him a month to work out the cost of his "apree" and during that time his family is short on grub and clothes.

Oh, but he is smart.

A PECULIAR BEING.

The "free born American voter" is a peculiar being. He will cuss the trusts every day in the year and, on election day, he will march up to the polls cussing the trusts every jump of the way and vote the same ticket that the trust managers do.

He will denounce the liquor traffic, will hire a lawyer and ride for miles to defeat the granting of saloon license, and on election day he will march up to the polls, look wise and vote the same ticket that the brewers, distillers and saloon keepers vote.

He will not vote any other ticket because he doesn't want to "lose his vote." It never occurs to him that every vote cast against the present order of things strengthens the opposition and encourages its leaders. So he just goes on taking the "lesser of two evils"—arguing that a "half loaf is better than none."

Wonder if Joe Russell's "Bryan club" down at Charleston is in line on public ownership? That is not one of the "time-honored principles of the Democratic party." How about it, Ted?

Hooray for "the party."

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Commits Suicide in Dunklin County.—A Love Affair in which a Young Minister Played an Important Part.

Miss Ollie Owens, the pretty 16-year-old daughter of Warren Owens, a prominent Dunklin county farmer, committed suicide by taking poison while her parents were attending church at Hornersville.

It seems that Miss Owens had a lover by the name of Andrew Waldrop, who lived near by, and that during a meeting held there recently a preacher "batted in" and tried to win the hand of the young lady. This caused an estrangement in pointing spells between the girl and her lover that resulted in her suicide. Of the matter the Dunklin Democrat says:

At the funeral two letters were read that put the entire community in a most serious frame of mind and the excitement is not over yet. Rev. Oliver conducted the funeral services. To Andrew Waldrop, whose relation to her is explained in one of the letters, and to her parents, she told of a letter she received, a few days before her death, unsigned, but which she said was from a preacher. Rev. Will Johnson, who recently held a meeting at Coldwater. His home is at or near Morehouse, Mo. The letter is as follows:

Dear Sweet Pet: I love you with all my heart and am ready to prove it. I will forsake everybody on earth for you. If you love me pet as I do you, you will do the same for me. You are the only girl in this world I ever saw that I loved. I would cross the earth for you. Pet, please write me a long letter and tell me how you love me and if you will be mine, and tell me if I may hope to have you as my sweet darling all to myself. Kiss to my sweet girl. I would like to meet you some place by ourselves so I could tell you my whole heart. (No signature.)

The handwriting of the letter was compared with writing in a book and on the application for a money order at Hornersville, and it is said that the writing in the three instances is much alike. The letter Miss Owens sent to her former admirer is as follows:

Mr. Andrew Waldrop: Dear Darling: I seat myself to write you a letter of my life time. Andrew, I want you to send Monroe's letter to him as quick as you can. Andrew, I have told you I would kill myself and you have tried to beg me out of the notion, but you didn't. Andrew, Will Johnson is the whole cause of it all and me. He didn't have any business writing to me and I didn't have any business writing to him. Andrew, I know I love you and I know you love me. I love you did love me with all your heart until I wrote to Will Johnson. And I don't blame you for not caring as much for me. I don't see how you could. You told me one evening that you didn't believe you could love any other girl enough to marry her.

Hope you will enjoy your life as long as you live. Andrew, I told you I was going to get that strychnine out of Papa's trunk, and I did. Andrew, you and I have enjoyed our selves many times together and many times have we set and cried about the way I have done you. I know I have done you wrong and I know that you never did me wrong. You have been good to me and you would tell me anything that I would ask you to tell me.

Andrew, I told you I couldn't live and see you and think that you wouldn't go with me. God do help this dear boy. Andrew, there is a great day coming by and by, will you be ready for that day to come? Andrew, I want you to take that looking glass, be sure that you do. God be with this dear old boy. Remember what I often told you. I am out of your way and everybody else's way. Good bye darling, if it hadn't been for Will Johnson I would have been your wife. You are the only one I have written to, so don't let any one read this unless it is Tom. Good bye Tom and Darling.

Andrew show this to Monroe and your mama.

The "Tom" mentioned in the letter, is a young man named Hitt, who lives at the Owens home.

The original of the above letter and the one alleged to have been written by Rev. Johnson, are in the possession of the father of the dead girl.

It is said that Johnson visited the Owens home several times during his meeting, but he claimed that he was trying to get the girls into the church.

After the suicide it was remembered that the preacher was seen in earnest conversation several times, with the dead girl, at church. No one suspected that the two were lovers, then.

Rev. Will Johnson was advertised to preach at Kennett at the M. E. church, South, Monday night of this week, but he did not come, nor did Rev. Henry, the pastor, get any word from him.

Rev. Johnson is a minister in the General Baptist church. Rev. Joseph Lee, of Sikeston, publisher of the church paper of that denomination, was here Monday and said that he knew Rev. Johnson, and was greatly surprised at the reports connecting him with the troubles of Miss Owens.

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And you will at once see one of the foremost features of the best range made. The hinged top on the Famous

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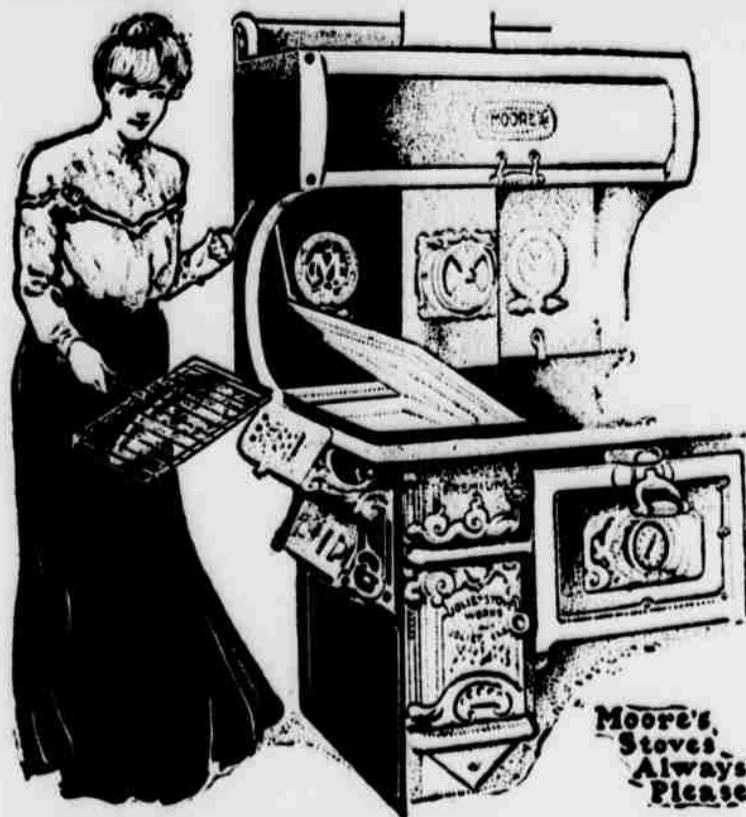
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Farmers We want your EGGS.
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We have for sale two good mares, two sets of wagon harness and a good wagon.
A. & D. Schriefer, Edna, Mo

THE "ISH-OO" GOT HOME.

W. J. Bryan, the one thing that both political parties have forced upon the people as the "ish-oo," arrived in New York last week. Democratic politicians made a great whoop-hooray over the arrival, and two train loads—chiefly bootleggers and grafters—went from St. Louis. To each train was attached a "buffer" car—better understood as a car load of booze.

In his speech in Madison Square garden he did not display that "conservatism" of which the Republic has been telling us. In fact, he was more radical than ever and declared flatly for government ownership of railroads. What are the one-horse politicians and their tin-horn organ grinders going to do about that? Do you remember how they ridiculed the Kicker for advocating this very thing?

Well, Mr. Bryan is in advance of most public men, but he is just five years behind the Kicker. If he lives—and regards it popular—he may yet be heard advocating all the things the Kicker advocates.

But there is one thing on which Mr. Bryan has weakened. Heretofore he has stepped on the silver question and said that the increase in the gold product had, for the time being at least, shelved that question. This is quite different from his former sayings that "a question is never settled until settled right."

However, it is just as well to let it sleep. The silver question never was as big as it was pictured. In 1896 we thought it was the ONLY evil. It is only one of a thousand, and the restoration of silver (while it would help some) would not give us any great amount of relief.

The banks could corner money issued on a bimetallic standard just the same as they do now. When it comes to finance, the question is not gold or silver, but "RAG MONEY" issued by the government instead of by the national banks.

Here is an issue that would make things hum. It means something. It means that instead of this great government letting the bankers use our money, charging us for the use of it, and regulating the supply to suit themselves, the government should issue its own money and furnish it to the people without charge. But neither the Republican or Democratic parties could afford to stand for anything like that. It means something.

When the Kicker began its war on capitalism and corruption five years ago I did not expect to see conditions materially changed in my day. But the thing is coming to a head so fast that some relief may be expected by 1908 and a complete overthrow of the capitalist system is predicted by 1912.

As a last resort, of course, capitalism will, as usual, trot out its army. But I am not so fearful of the army as I once was. While they are careful to select the commanders from among the capitalist class, the men who are put out to stop bullets hail from the working class. In the countries where the game has been tried the soldiers showed a desire to, and often did, turn their guns against the government they were hired to defend.

THE PENSION SYSTEM.

As I have said before, the evils from which the people suffer are many. Our whole system of government seems just the reverse of what it ought to be. Among the long line of evils from which we suffer is our wholesale pension system.

The pretended object of the system is to care for men who, in the service of the government as soldiers, received injuries or contracted disease that hinders them in earning a living for themselves and families—a noble object indeed, if carried out.

But what happened? Instead of the pension department being a blessing it has proved a curse. "Pension attorneys" sprang up all over the country to urge men to apply for pensions. In a majority of cases rank perjury was committed. The pension attorney, like the attorney-at-law when he is after a continuance or a change of venue, made light of the oath and urged his client to swear a lie. This accomplished, the pension was granted and the pension attorney took a liberal share of it as his fee.

The men who served in the war of the rebellion are now in the sixties and beyond. There isn't much fight in them now. But when, fifteen and twenty years ago, it was a common occurrence for some of these pensioners to load up on booze, step into the street, throw off his coat, roll up his sleeves and swear he was "the best d—d man in town." I wondered what a giant he might have been if he had not been disabled in the army.

I didn't mind paying taxes for the support of ex-soldiers who were deserving, but I never thought it quite right to have to contribute to the support of a man who not only did not walk around him when he went on the war path.

ABOUT YOUR VOTE.

There is something about the average voter that is inexplicable. He will growl and fuss about the conditions that are not to his liking, and the very first chance he gets he will lose a day to go to town and vote for a continuation of the very conditions of which he complains.

When he reaches the polling place he discovers there are several tickets from which he may select—Republican, Democratic, Populist, Socialist and Prohibitionist—and while either of the others may be more to his liking than the Republican or Democratic tickets, yet he votes one of these because he doesn't want to "lose his vote."

Would it not be far better if he did not vote at all than to endorse, by his vote, what he regards as wrong? It never seems to occur to him that by "saving his vote" he encourages conditions that are obnoxious to him, and discourages those who lead the fight for reform!

What a wonderful change it would make if all the voters went to the ballot box and voted for the ticket which, in their hearts, they believed stood for the best form of government? But they will not do this. They listen to the politician's song of the "lesser of two evils" or "better take a half loaf than none at all" and vote one or the other of the old rotten tickets.

Better by far Mr. Voter, burn your ballot.

G. D. WANTS TO KNOW.

The Globe-Democrat is having all sorts of fits over Mr. Bryan's declaration for government ownership of railroads. "Where does Wm. J. Bryan suppose the government can get the money to buy out the 220,000 miles of railroad in the United States with their property aggregating \$16,000,000,000?" asks the Globe-Democrat.

I will answer that question by asking another: Where did the handful of Wall Street pirates get it?

I might answer it in another way. The late Judge Ballentine, of Commerce, I think, the original advocate of government ownership of railroads in the country. He also cast one of the two votes that were cast in the county for Lincoln in 1900. One day he was asked where the government would get the money to pay for the railroads? He looked his questioner square in the eye and answered: "Where did the government get the money to pay for the railroads?"

The G. D. is also very much worried about the "centralization of power" and the building up of a "corrupt political machine"—just as if it were possible to make it any worse than at present. At this time less than a dozen men run this government—and they are not even responsible to the people or anybody else.

But the old Republic is in a pickle. She started out shouting for Bryan and has to keep it up until after the fall election. She tries to explain that Mr. Bryan didn't exactly mean what he said—that we were not ready for public ownership, and that he favored it "at the proper time." "Bryan does not seek to dictate government ownership to the party" is the way the Republic crawls around it.

Geel! but that railroad rate regulation business is great. The law is now in effect and my first encounter with it was immense. I feel just like shouting for Teddy and his great and timely achievement. A 6-pound package came all the way from Cape Girardeau by Wells-Fargo express and the transportation charge was only ninety cents. The distance is twenty miles—less than one cent a pound per mile. See what congress can do!

It is a great country, this, where the representatives elected by the people make laws only to be held unconstitutional by corporation courts whenever it is to the interest of the "captains of industry" to command that it be done. Great are courts!

REPUBLICANS!

Notice is hereby given that the Republicans of Scott county are requested to meet at the following places

Saturday, September 15.

At 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of nominating two candidates for justice of the peace and one candidate for constable for each township to wit: Commerce township, at Commerce, Kelso township, at Edna, Morley township, at Morley, Moreland township, at Benton, Richland township, at Sikeston, Sylvania township, at Oran, Sandywoods township at Blodgett, Twappity township at Diehlstadt By order of County Committee.

W. H. Tanner, Chairman, R. M. Tirmenstein, Secretary.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Crazy Woman Slays Sleeping Husband and Children and Sets House on Fire.

Last Friday night about one o'clock a tragedy occurred near St. Francis, Ark., four miles southwest of this place, which horrified the neighbors and shocked the whole community. The awful deed wiped out a family consisting of a man, wife and three children.

Mrs. Frank Polsgrove became violently insane and sometime between eight and twelve o'clock killed her husband and 1-year-old child, fatally wounding her son, 13 years old, and seriously hurt, cut and bruised her 7-year-old daughter, then set fire to the house cremating the body of the husband and baby; the boy and girl either crawled from the burning building or were chopped into insensibility in the yard as they were making an effort to get away from the fire-mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Polsgrove lived on Mr. Tomp's Crawford farm, some two miles southwest of St. Francis. Mrs. Polsgrove was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duke Nichols, who lived near by and who spent the evening with Mrs. Polsgrove, leaving her apparently sound and well at 8 o'clock that night. About two o'clock neighbors discovered the house on fire and running over met the woman in the front yard and she confessed that she killed her entire family and set the house on fire with the intention of dying with the husband and children. But said it got too hot for her.

The woman used some scarpable instrument, supposed to be a hatchet or axe, with which it is supposed she first chopped and beat her husband on the head and neck until he was extinct, then chopped the child's head almost off, then attacked the boy who defended himself by throwing up his hands which were fearfully mangled, one hand being almost cut off. The girl was not so seriously injured and the only one who could give any account of the awful deed. The boy was found in the back yard where he had crawled between a stump and the fence under a thick bunch of weeds in a pool of blood and unconscious. The girl was found in the weeds near the house, bloody from head to foot, with her face, head and body cut and bruised.

The boy cannot live. The woman begged the neighbors who first reached the burning house to kill her. It is said that she is dangerously ill and can't live.

Frank Polsgrove was about 35 years old and his wife about 32. They were married fifteen years ago and had three children living. He was making a crop on the Crawford farm and getting along nicely.

It is said Mrs. Polsgrove had a crazy spell a year or two ago, but her husband and her parents thought she had entirely recovered.

Mrs. Polsgrove was taken to the asylum for insane at Little Rock, where she committed suicide Monday by hanging or, rather, strangling herself to death—using a sheet torn into shreds as a rope.

Business Local.

School books and school supplies of every kind can be had at the 42-44 Benton Drug Store.

I have for sale a well improved 80-acre farm 3 miles south of Ilmo at a special bargain if taken soon.

D. H. Harper, Benton, Mo.

\$50 Reward.—We will pay a \$50 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone guilty of stealing stock belonging to any of our members.

Stockmen's Union, Vanduser, Mo.

I have for sale accurate blue-print maps of Scott county, 42x48 inches. These maps show all farms and owners, and ditches, roads, railroads, buildings, etc. Price, \$2.50 each, postpaid. Claude B. Hay, Blodgett, Mo.

For Sale.—200-acre farm, finely located level land, all under fence and in cultivation, except 20-acre woods lot. Good houses, good barn and all necessary out-buildings, good water. Within half a mile of school and church. Grows all small grain, corn and melons. Two crops a year can be grown by sowing peas on wheat stubble. At a bargain. For further information address, Box 63, Vanduser, Mo. 41-44.

I have farms for sale of various sizes in Scott county, near Crowder, Kelso, New Hamburg, Oran, Morley, Benton, Cary, Blodgett, Diehlstadt and Commerce. Also 4,000 acres of improved farm land about 50 miles north of Memphis, Tenn., at from \$25 to \$35 per acre on easy terms and in tracts to suit. If you want to sell, list your property with me. I stand a hundred chances to sell to your one. If you want to buy, see 10 D. H. HARPER, Benton, Mo.

WILL WE HAVE SALOONS?

At a special term of county court to be held Saturday, September 8, two saloon petitions will be taken up in which the citizens of Benton are interested. One was filed by Ansell, Christman and Brown, of Kelso and Twappity townships respectively, for permission to sell at the old stand in Benton, and the other by J. D. Bridges, of Ilmo, to sell on part of lot 1, township 28, range 14. This is somewhat indefinite, since the section is not mentioned, but it is understood that the proposed site is in a corner of Judge Lambert's field, southeast of the depot. The town, however, has jurisdiction within half a mile of the corporate limits, and a survey has established that the jurisdiction of the town extends 100 feet beyond the depot. Hence, unless for some stand considerable stretching, it would seem that the depot saloon cannot be.

It seems that the law-makers have very wisely provided against the establishment of saloons just outside the jurisdiction of a town whose people refuse to permit it within the corporate limits. The law does not provide for the conducting of a saloon excepting in a "block or square" Section 2097 reads:

"No license shall be granted in any incorporated town OR MUNICIPAL TOWNSHIP until a majority, both of the assessed tax-paying citizens and guardians of minors owning property therein, and in the BLOCK OR SQUARE in which the dramshop is to be kept, shall sign a petition asking for license."

How is it possible to get a majority of the "block or square" outside of a platted town? A license may be granted to conduct a saloon in an unincorporated town by securing the signatures of a majority of the tax-payers of the township, and of the block or square. In incorporated towns only a majority of those within the corporation, and in the block or square need sign. In a city a block petition only is required.

But— Says the law: "NO LICENSE shall be granted" without a majority of the block or square.

But law gives way to precedent in Scott county, and when there is no available excuse for doing a thing, we are reminded that "that's the way we've always done it."

Neither of the applicants are citizens of the town or township. The law says a successful applicant for dramshop license must be an "assessed tax-paying male CITIZEN."

Now how do you suppose your local expounders of the law got around that? You couldn't guess in a week. They hold that the law does not mean that he must be a citizen of the locality where the saloon is to be established—just so he is a citizen of the county.

By what rule is the line drawn at the county? Why not extend it to include a citizen of Cape county, or of Illinois or New York?

Ladies county voted out saloons by over 500. Judge Woodside held the election illegal because it was ordered at a special term of county court—called especially for that purpose. Every friend of the liquor traffic will applaud this decision. Judge Woodside held that the law authorized the calling of special terms only in emergencies.

If an election ordered at a special term to do away with license is illegal, how can license granted at a special term be legal?

THE PLEASURE OF IT.

If I did not like the newspaper business I wouldn't be in it. I like it because the plain people in whose interest this paper is being published appreciate my efforts. I care nothing for the plaudits or criticisms of our so-called "best people." I am free to express my opinion on all public matters and am not hampered or muzzled in any way. Every week I receive letters from friends expressing their appreciation—of which the following is a fair sample:

Bono, Ark., Sept. 3, 1906.

Scott County Kicker—

Enclosed find two dollars to renew our subscriptions. We just can't get along without the Kicker, so just let it keep coming. W. C. Darby.

W. T. Browning.

Such letters as this helps to keep the Kicker in that "straight and narrow path" which party organs cannot travel.

About a month ago a big Chicago bank failed with a shortage of over a million dollars. Four deaths and two cases of insanity resulted, to say nothing of the heartaches and tears of the thousands whose savings had took wings. Last week a Philadelphia bank went under to the tune of TEN MILLION DOLLARS—more than double the assessed value of all the property in Scott county, including land, money, notes and railroads.